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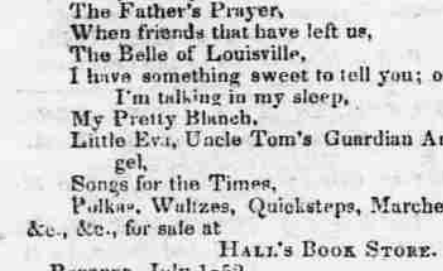
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The Belle of Louisville,
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THE OHIO STAR.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to General Intelligence, Miscellaneous Reading, and the Rights of Man.

VOLUME XXIII—Number 40

RAVENNA WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1852.

Whole Number 1184

A Campaign Song.

Ain—The Old Granite State.

Our banner now is streaming,
And on its folds are gleaming,
A name with honor beaming,
From the Old Granite State;
That came shall be our rally,
The fort from which we rally,
And we'll not forget the tally
When November comes around.

Come, around our standard gather,
It shall float in every weather,
And we'll shout aloud together,
For the Old Granite State;
Her son shall be the story,
And we'll all protect her glory;
And we'll join the peaceful fray,
With our leader in the van.

We have set the ball in motion,
And we'll make a great commotion,
With the tallest "Yankee Notion"
From the Old Granite State;
Oh! the Free Democratic party,
Is very HALE and hearty,
Is every Northern State.

We are ready for the battle,
And will "go it" with a rattle,
For we've got the purest metal,
From the Old Granite State;
You may see the fire already
Is burning bright and steady,
And Freeman are growing hearty,
As they wheel into our ranks.

The Pittsburgh Convention,
Just stopped and said "attention,"
While it made a modest mention
Of the Old Granite State;
In a moment there was roaring,
The name of HALE was soaring,
And a peal of joy was pouring,
Like a wave around the hall.

We must not forget another,
A true and faithful brother,
And he claims as his mother,
The Indiana State;
He has stood upon the tower,
A sentinel of power,
Through many a trying hour,
In the Free Soil ranks.

So we'll put them both together,
And they'll skin the hearth and hearth,
Like a bird upon the feather,
Through the Free United States;
Our watchword now is ringing,
For HALE and JULIAN we're singing,
And around them we're flinging,
The mantle of the strong.

Then peal aloud the cheering,
There is victory appearing,
In him who has his rearing
In the Old Granite State;
Oh! we'll shout like creation,
When we put him in his station,
As ruler of the nation,
From Yankee Doodle State.

Amanda:
A Tale for the Times.

BY REV. DR. WILLIAM HENRY BRISBANE.

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(Continued.)

Amanda sprang towards the little window in the stern of the vessel, and tried to remove the ash, evidently to jump into the water and drown herself. Waters prevented her and drawing her back forcibly, prepared to bind her hands, intending to keep her in close confinement. Again composing herself, Amanda said—
"Mr. Waters, you need not confine me, I acted without reflection, and shall not again attempt to commit the crime of suicide. But, sir, I am not convinced that I am not a white girl entitled to my freedom."

"There is an easy way of settling that to your satisfaction," said Waters, "for there was a certain mark made upon you when an infant, which, although I have not examined for, I have no doubt is there yet. Read this, and then judge for yourself."

He then handed her an old-looking newspaper, pointing to a particular advertisement, and left the state room, closing the door after him. She read—
"AN INFANT LOST OR STOLEN.—The female infant of my servant Hannah was missed from my premises yesterday morning. She is ten months old, very light mulatto, would be taken for a white child. She may be known by a prominent mole under the left corner of her mouth, and a yellow mark just below the axilla of the right arm. Any one finding such an infant, and delivering it to me, shall have a reward of twenty dollars."

BENJAMIN WATERS.
"April 9th 1850."
The mole was situated on her face, as described in the advertisement. She stripped the sleeve from her arm, and, holding it up before the glass, saw the yellow mark. She felt fainting on the floor. The noise of her fall brought in Jane. She dashed water upon her face, and called for Mr. Waters. He came and saw, by her sleeve being down, the cause of her fainting. He placed her in her berth, and after a few moments, she breathed freely again.

"Come, Martha," said Waters, "I suppose you are now convinced, and you may as well try to be comfortable. I don't intend to deal harshly with you, but shall see that you get into good hands."

"Oh! precious Jesus!" exclaimed Amanda, "take me, Oh! take me to thyself! I have no father, no mother, no brother, no friends; a poor—poor—poor slave. Oh! pity me, Mr. Waters, pity me, pity me! Let me go back to those who adopted me as their child. They will love me yet.—But no; but no; James, dear James, you are lost to me forever. I am a poor mulatto slave. I don't care now what you do with me, Mr. Waters. But, oh! that I could die! could die! could die!"

Thus did poor Amanda rave through the night, watched attentively by Waters, lest she should destroy herself. The next day they were on the broad Atlantic. She made several attempts to get upon the deck, with the purpose of throwing herself into the sea. In the evening, Waters made her take a dose of morphine. She became composed and slept all night. The next morning she awoke in a calm state of mind, dressed herself, and knelt down to prayer. She resigned herself entirely to God. She felt that all earthly hopes were gone forever. Now she would seek happiness nowhere else than in the spirit world. She feared she might be purchased by some libertine; but she felt an inward assurance that the devotion to her Saviour, and ardent prayer to God, would prevail against man's licentiousness; and she was resolved to be a Christian, whatever might be her trials. The rest of the voyage she remained calm, took her meals regularly, and spent much time in reading the Bible and in prayer.

CHAPTER V.

The Mary arrived at New Orleans a few days after John Dundas had reached the city. Amanda was taken by Waters to a private residence in a distant and secluded part of the town. There he kept her confined in a back room, the windows of which were guarded with iron grating. In the same room were several females that the trader was holding in readiness for the market. They were of various complexions.—Two of them were lighter than Amanda, and had brown straight hair. They were all well dressed, and had a more showy appearance than Amanda. The room was neatly furnished with chairs, tables, beds, &c., and Amanda had a bed to herself. She was not indulged with a Bible or any other book.—But having made up her mind to devote herself to Christian duties to the full extent of her opportunities, she began to make acquaintances with her prison companions, and to converse freely with them about their spiritual condition. Some of them readily entered into sympathy with her religious views; others were viciously inclined, and did not hesitate to express their desire to be purchased as mistresses.—"Because," said they, "we live easy then, and don't have to work."

Amanda was so very amiable and kind in her address to them, that in a few days they were all more or less affected by her moral instructions. In this way she spent her time; and although the tears often poured down her cheeks, she felt an inward peace that only the Gospel of Jesus Christ can bestow.

After a few days, Waters introduced into the apartment several dashing-looking young men, to examine the girls. One after another was purchased and left the house. Almost all who came seemed to be particularly anxious to obtain Amanda; but either her religious remarks, or the very high price she was held at, was always given as an objection to the purchase. At length none remained but Amanda and the two girls of lighter complexion than herself. These were both handsome, but not by any means equal to Amanda.

About two months after Amanda reached New Orleans, one Sunday evening Waters entered the prison, and said, "Girls, you must be ready and in proper trim to-morrow morning to go into the auction market. There will be not a few bidders, and I mean the fellows who get you shall pay down some thousands."

The three girls when he retired, knelt, together in prayer, and Amanda poured out her devout supplications most sweetly and tenderly. They wept and prayed, and prayed and wept all night, occasionally trying to converse, but they could not. In the morning, Amanda besought her companions, if they fell into licentious hands, to be true to the list to the virtuous principles in which she had been instructing them. They then arranged their dresses in a very simple manner, designing thereby to deter, if possible, the gay and voluptuous from bidding for them. Amanda combed out as, much as she could, her ringlets, and, if she could have obtained scissors, she would have cut them off. She put all her hair up in one knot; and this, from its strong disposition to curl gave her more the appearance of negro origin.

At 10 o'clock they were taken to the mart. A large number of plantation and house slaves were sold; after which, one of the three girls was led upon the table. She stood weeping, and occasionally lifted her eyes devoutly to heaven.
"Now, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer, "here is something for you worth bidding for. Isn't she a nice piece? Start her gentlemen. Five hundred dollars—six hundred—seven hundred—seven hundred—seven hundred. Come, gentlemen, don't give out. Who says eight hundred? Going at seven hundred; going, going—once, twice, third and last time—gone. Mr. Samuel Johnson takes Diana at seven hundred dollars."

The weeping girl was taken off by her purchaser, who was no other than James Ballou's friend with whom he was carrying. He purchased her to be his daughter's maid. Her devoted appearance restrained the licentious bidders, and she sold for much less than she would have done a month before.—As soon as the girl learned that she was bought for waiting maid to a young lady, she expressed to her purchaser her anxious desire that he would also buy Amanda, or, as she called her, Martha. "She is a very good girl, master," said she, "and I am afraid some of them bad men will buy her, because she is so pretty." But Mr. Johnson did not feel that he could afford to buy another, and especially one he would probably have to pay much more for. Yet the girl's anxiety about "Martha" induced him to wait and watch the issue.

Martha was the next called up. She blushed deeply as she ascended the stand, but there was an evident effort to summon up all her strength. She watched carefully every bid, and scanned the countenance of every bidder. She was beautiful, and of delicate form, and the scrutinizing watchfulness of her eyes gave a vivid expression to her countenance. The bidding soon reached one thousand dollars, and she knew by that she was sought for as a mistress. Her bosom heaved high; the throbs of her heart became audible to herself. Twelve hundred dollars was the bid. She looked piercingly at the young man who made it. She recognised him, and knew him to be one of the most licentious men in the city. In a moment she snatched from the auctioneer his hammer, and thus arrested the blow which would signify that she was sold. "I can't go with him," she exclaimed. "I mean to be a virtuous woman, and no man need to buy me for any wicked purpose."

Instantly there was a shout of applause in the assemblage, that made the welkin ring again. Such a virtuous resolution told with great power upon all present. The young man withdrew his bid, and Waters immediately stepped forward and led her away.—He saw, too, that it would be useless to place Amanda on the stand, for no man could make a bid again that day, in the face of that assembly, for a beautiful female. The two girls were again placed in confinement, but in separate apartments. Martha's apartment was a dark cell.

It had been understood between Waters and Dundas, that Amanda was to be set up at auction, and Dundas was to bid for her, so that he might not be at all suspected by her of having any hand whatever in her abduction from Philadelphia. The bargain was, that Dundas was to come in at the close of the bidding, and offer a small advance upon the last bid. She was then to be immediately knocked off to Dundas, and he was to pay Waters double the amount of the bid. This was what Waters had required before he would undertake the risk of assuming an ownership over her. The plan had for the present, been defeated by the firmness of Maria. Waters was highly incensed, and determined to punish Maria severely.

Mr. Johnson took Diana home with him, and presented her to his daughter. As Diana had always been in slavery, she thought herself, from appearances, rather a gainer by a change of owners, and seemed to be much pleased with her young mistress. James Ballou came in at dinner time, and received from Mr. Johnson, an account of the auction. He was deeply moved by the narration, and expressed a desire to learn something more of the heroic girl. Diana was called in, and asked where Waters had got Maria.

She replied, that he had purchased her from Mr. Scott, in the country.
"What did he give for her?" asked Ballou.

"He had given five hundred dollars."
"A grand price, to be sure! he would have made, had he got the twelve hundred."

"He expected to make more than that on the other girl," said Diana.

"How much did he expect to get for her?"
"I heard him say, to a gentleman who was looking at us all, that he did not fear but he would get two thousand bid on her."

"Whew!" whistled Ballou. "Two thousand dollars for one girl! Why, she must be a great beauty!"

"Yes, sir, she is very handsome, and just like a fine lady."

"And was that the girl, Diana, you wished me to buy? You must have thought me rich."

"Yes, Master, I wish you could buy that girl. It frets me to think what may become of her. She never was raised to work. She came from Philadelphia, and she was raised very tender."

"I should think that you had done your share in the work of emancipation already, Ballou. Had you not better get Maria clear also?"

"Yes," said Ballou, rising suddenly from his seat, "they both ought to be free. I would run them off if I could."

"Be cautious, young man, how you talk. You may get yourself into trouble."

"Ah!" said Ballou, with much energy, "this is the land of the free and the home of the brave is it? where beautiful women are slaves, and the chivalry cower at the thought of rescuing them!"

"Why, you had better turn knight errant, and like Don Quixote against the wind-mill, try your lance against the walls of Waters' slave-prison."

The gentlemen evidently were becoming excited, when Mrs. Johnson entered, saying, "Mr. Ballou, Diana says that the girl that came from Philadelphia has the miniature of a young man set in gold and pearls, and that it looks exactly like you."

"A fine joke," said Mr. Johnson; "no wonder, James, you are so earnest about that girl, she is no stranger to you."

Ballou's face colored highly. The thought flashed across his mind, that the girl might have been a chambermaid at some house where Amanda staid, and had stolen it.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson laughed heartily at his blushing, and the latter said, very pleasantly—
"Truly, Mr. Ballou, you blush as though there might be some truth in it."

"Well," said Ballou, "I know nothing more about the girl than you do; but from the description of that miniature, I fear it is mine, and suspect she did not come by it very honestly."

"Indeed! James," said Mr. Johnson, "a moment ago you were all chivalry, and now you are suspecting the beautiful girl, in whose behalf you were going to take a tilt, of stealing a picture; a fine knight you are!"

Ballou joined in the general laugh that followed, and said, half seriously, half jocosely, "I must find out that villain, and see whether she really has my miniature I left with Amanda Simpson, or not."

Diana was again called in, and more closely questioned. She had never heard the name of the person whose likeness it was, but she had often seen "Martha" take it out of her bosom, and look at it and sigh, and sometimes weep. She gave such a description of the frame-work, that Ballou was fully satisfied it was his picture. He did not think to ask a description of the girl's person who had it.

It was at once arranged that they would visit Waters', and get more particular information about the girl, and how she obtained the picture. When they arrived at the house, Mr. Johnson inquired of Waters, whether they could see his girls he had for sale. Nothing was said about the miniature, because Diana had suggested to them that Martha might be hurt with her telling them about it; but Mr. Johnson himself reminded Ballou that Waters might claim the picture as his own, on account of the gold and jewels in which it was encased.

"I have only one at present, gentlemen.—The one, Mr. Johnson, who kicked up such a caper this morning at the auction. But I shall make the huzzy smart for it, with her pretended virtue. You can have her, however, at the bid—twelve hundred."

"But," said Mr. Johnson, "the girl I purchased told me you had another there, whom you intended to offer, but did not."

"O yes; but she has just been sold. She was a beauty, that's a fact," (looking at Ballou, for whom he supposed the inquiry was made)—"she would have been a nice piece for you, sir, I tell you. But I got a round price for her—three thousand dollars."

"Who purchased her?" asked Ballou.

"One you can't get her from, I can assure you. Money is no object with Jack Dundas. Ballou at once recognised the name of his class-mate. But he thought it advisable not to intimate that he knew him, and turning to Mr. Johnson, he said, "As the girl is gone, we may as well take our departure."

"Why did you not," asked Mr. Johnson, "they turned off," inquire where this Dundas lives?"

"Because," replied Ballou, "he was a class-mate of mine; and I know, if he hears of my inquiring for her, he will suspect my motives, and especially if he should discover she has my miniature. I must find some way, however, to regain possession of it."

Mr. Johnson here turned a corner to go to his counting-room, and Ballou stepped into a book store, and, inquiring for a Directory, ascertained the residences of the various Dundases in the city. By this means, in the course of the afternoon, he found out the house of John Dundas's father. In the evening he sent Diana to the house, as if to visit Martha, and ask her to sell the miniature to him. He thought it likely she would be willing to take a moderate sum for it. Diana soon returned with the answer that Martha had been sent early in the afternoon, to Mr. Dundas's plantation; that young Dundas was still in the city; and that the plantation was six miles up the river.

Early in the morning, Ballou started off with Mr. Johnson's dog and gun, to spend the day sporting. By 8 o'clock he was six miles out and Mr. Dundas's country-seat was pointed out to him. He walked about the grounds as if looking for birds, and then went up to the dwelling, and asked for a glass of water. A

old black woman handed him the water, saying—
"The family is not in the country now, sir, or I'd ax you to walk in. But Mass John, I spec, will be yer by 12 o'clock. If you is about yer deo, sir, I da say he will ax you to dinner."

"Do you live in this house while the family is away?" asked Ballou.

"O, no, massa, I stay in de kitchen. Mass John buy a gal and sen em yer yesterday, and de obseer lock em up in de room up stairs, till Mass John come, an I only come in to clean out an air de house."

"What did he lock her up for?"

"Me don't know, massa, 'tseep to keep em from runaway. Degal cry all de time. Look jis like buckra too. I dunno what Mass John buy such a gal for. She do berry well for misses to sew for em, but no use 'tall to Mass John."

The old woman was disposed to be quite talkative, but Ballou feared he might be observed speaking to her, and, calling to his dog, he said—
"Well, old mamma, I'll just look round at your pretty garden and walks, and then hunt for some game."

The old woman returned into the house, and Ballou walked round about the premises, looking occasionally towards the upper windows. Amanda saw and recognised him.—He saw her, but did not recognise her through the window-glass. Amanda's heart beat painfully. She readily concluded he was acquainted with the fact of her abduction from Philadelphia, and had traced her to that spot.

"But O," said she, "he does not know I am a negro."

The noble girl determined at once to undeceive him; but how to communicate the information she knew not. Having no pencil nor paper, she was utterly at a loss in what way to proceed. Suddenly she thought of the miniature. Taking a pin from her dress, she scratched upon the golden case, "My mother was a slave." She pushed up the sash without noise, and waiting the opportunity to attract James Ballou's notice, she dropped her handkerchief out, with the miniature wrapped up in it. Ballou was at some distance and could not very well recognize her, reduced as she was, and with her hair tucked up instead of hanging down in ringlets. She drew her head in, but neglected to pull down the sash. Ballou hastened to the spot and picked up the handkerchief, as it was evident from her manner she intended him to do so. On opening it, there was the miniature. "That girl must know me," he said to himself, "or she would not suspect I had come after this thing. The gold being scratched, it attracted his attention, and he read, with some difficulty, "My mother was a slave."

"Poor girl," said Ballou, with a tear trickling down his cheek. "She has scratched this hate to excite my sympathy." Amanda had thought to have opened and looked once more upon the likeness of her beloved James, but she feared it would weaken her resolution to return it to him; she therefore hastened to throw it out, without remembering that Susan's note was stuck in a corner of the frame. Ballou on opening the case, observed the note. He read it—
"What can this mean?" he ejaculated. "A note addressed to Amanda about her master recovering her by law, and here in my miniature frame; and here this scrawl, 'My mother was a slave.' It was all so mysterious, that Ballou without taking time for further reflection, determined to call to the girl. Looking around to see if any one was near he called in a low tone, "Martha." Amanda came to the window, but was so overpowered by her feelings that she sank to the floor. Ballou caught the glimpse of her, and saw that she felt. The lightning-rod ran up the chimney within two feet of the window. He laid down his gun, clambered up, and was in the room as Amanda rose from the floor. He clasped her in his arms and exclaimed, "Merciful God! is this Amanda, Mr. Ballou?"

"O, Mr. Ballou," replied the weeping girl, "I am not Amanda now; I am a poor slave girl."

She would have said more, but her words died away in her bosom.

"What does all this mean? Explain it my dear girl—explain this mystery. I did not expect to see you here. I thought it was some girl that had stolen my miniature from you, and I came after that. But how is this; tell me quickly, Amanda, how came you here? Sit down in this chair and tell me all."

Amanda briefly informed him of her abduction and the evidence of her being a slave, the daughter of a mulatto. "And now," continued she, "leave me Mr. Ballou, for your presence here places you in danger, and can do me no benefit."

Ballou was evidently troubled at the evidence of her African origin. For several minutes he said nothing, and sat looking intently upon the floor, while Amanda pressed him to leave her at once. At length rising from his seat, he fervently exclaimed, "Never! Leave you? Never!"

There was such sincerity and honesty in the impassioned utterance, that Amanda could not doubt him.

"O, James, can it be that you love me still?"

"In the presence of the Holy God, Amanda, I take you now for my wife. I will never leave you, until death separates us."

At this instant the door flew open. The report of a pistol was heard, and James Ballou fell to the floor.

"Merciful heaven! he is killed!" and Amanda fell fainting upon the prostrate body of her lover. John Dundas rushed to the wash-stand, and seized the goblet of water, dashed it into her face. Another moment, and Charles Simpson was in the room, and Amanda in his arms. Immediately after him entered the Sheriff of the county and Mr. Johnson.

"Mr. Dundas," said the sheriff, "you are my prisoner in the name of the people of this State."

Charles Simpson had laid Amanda upon the bed, and was bathing her forehead, while Mr. Johnson's attention was directed towards James Ballou, who now began to give signs of life. "He lives," said Mr. Johnson; and as he raised him up, Ballou opened his eyes and said, "It only stunned me. I shall soon recover." The ball had struck the side of his head and glanced. There was no serious damage done, except the removal of a portion of the scalp. In a few moments he rose to his feet, and requested an explanation of what had happened. By this time Amanda also had revived, and Ballou was with Charles by her bed-side.

"It was scarcely in time," said Simpson. "A few moments sooner, and that pistol shot might have been saved."

"I wish to know," said Dundas to the sheriff, "why I remain your prisoner, since you see the man is not killed?"

The sheriff then read a writ, requiring Dundas to answer to a charge of kidnapping, as a party with Waters. The sheriff then took off his prisoner, leaving the rest of the company to follow.

Charles then explained, that he reached Liverpool in time to meet Susan as she landed. When she saw him, she at once supposed he had come after her, and immediately confessed all she had done. She had secretly admitted Dundas into Amanda's chamber, that he might learn the position of the furniture and bed; she had given the morphine; and the night before, when Amanda was asleep, she had put a chemical preparation under her arm, that would make a yellow stain in the skin.

"The coachman," said Simpson, "escaped me, but had told Susan that Dundas had an old paper, a part of the printing of which he took out with something on a brush, and then had other words printed in at a house in New Orleans, where bank bills were made. I could not, of course, take any measures, in the absence of any governmental authority, to force these witnesses to return to America. I immediately took ship for New Orleans.—As soon as I landed this morning I inquired for Ballou's friend, stated to him the case, and by his assistance got out a writ, and followed Dundas to this place."

It is impossible to describe the joy of Amanda, when she found she could call Charles brother, and that she was indeed the daughter of those she had always loved as parents.

The party immediately returned to the city.

That night Dundas shot himself in the head. Waters had already heard what was going on, and made his escape from the city. He probably went to Europe. His slave Maria made her escape from the South, and now resides in England; by whose assistance, the reader may guess.

James Ballou soon settled his affairs in New Orleans. The slaves from Carolina were all comfortably provided for in Ohio, and with them Mr. Johnson's Diana; and at the appointed time, the happy lovers stood in the drawing-room of the happy parents, and the minister solemnly pronounced the words, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Escape of a Slave.
Slave hunters in New York are making a great waiting over the escape of an article of Southern merchandise, through the alleged connivance of G. V. Hunt.—It took place thus:

In 1849 Nicholas Dupley the "property" of Dr. Allen Thomas of Maryland, ran to New York, in 1850 he was arrested on a charge of larceny. His counsel advised him to plead guilty and he was saved from his master by going to the states Prison for two years. It had not then been discovered, as it has since been in the case of Sims, that State Law must succumb to the fugitive slave law.

As the sentence of Dudley approached